

How did it end up like this? by Fanflick

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Angst with a Happy Ending, Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Homophobic Language, Hurt/Comfort, Insecure Steve, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Minor Character Death, Neil Dies BTW, Not Beta Read, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Period-Typical Homophobia, Shameless Smut, Some Plot, jealous billy

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

After Nancy drunkenly confessed to Steve, one thing leads to another. Now Steve has to figure out what Billy means to him, and if they could possibly have a relationship. While on the other hand, Billy doesn't know if he wants Steve to follow him down this path. It will probably take a group of preteens to help them solve their issues and find themselves.

1. Bullshit.

Steve was having a good night, but not anymore. Nancy, his girlfriend who he loved, told him they were bullshit. That he was bullshit, that everything was just bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

Steve knew he wasn't the best boyfriend, but he tried his best to stop being an asshole. He also thought Nancy would at least tell him that there were not made for each other in a heart to heart conversation, not when she is completely hammered on 'pure fuel' or something.

Steve tried not to be too clingy, too insecure, or too goddamn annoying to be around. He really tried, but what good is trying when everything is said and done. God, he needed some air or maybe a cigarette.

Steve ran outside of the house, feeling his eyes water as he slammed the door shut. He wished he had his pack on him, but Nancy complained about the smell so he had no choice but to quit. Trying to calm himself down Steve barely noticed he wasn't alone outside.

There stood the asshole Steve met that night smoking a cigarette as he watched Steve. He gave a smirk, "Harrington, what are you doing here?" Billy walked up to him, forcing Steve to back himself into the wall.

Steve wanted to scoff at Billy and tell him to go screw himself, however he really wanted a cigarette. "I needed a break. Do you mind if I bum a smoke?" Steve gestured to the cigarette in Billy's hand. Billy glanced at stick in his hand before bringing it back to his lips to take a long drag of it.

Pulling the cigarette out of his mouth, he exhaled the smoke in Steve's face before handing over to him. "Sure thing, Harrington." He licked his lips as he answered. Steve's tried not to focus on the movement and with shaky fingers gripped it away from Billy.

Billy took one step back to watch the famous 'King Steve' wrap his lips around the butt and blew the smoke back into Billy's face. Billy grinned at how unapologetic Steve was being, he always liked to be challenged.

The moment they met Steve seemed to want nothing to do with him, but that only edged Billy on. He loved the disturbed look in his eyes as he removed his sunglasses when they first met. However, Billy couldn't help but noticed the puffy eyes he had and in his buzzed state called him out on it.

"What's wrong Harrington? Have you been crying?" He mocked and the look on Steve's face made him instantly wished he didn't say anything at all. He assumed Steve would be angry and tell him to go fuck himself. Instead Steve just broke down crying as he turned away covering his face.

Billy stood there uncomfortably listening to the uncontrollable sobbing, and sharp breathing. He just stared as Steve toss the cigarette onto the floor before running back into the house. Leaving Billy alone to think about what the Hell just happened.

The moment Billy stepped into Hawkins High School he heard so much about this Steve Harrington. Tommy, the little leech that he is, instantly became Billy's lackey the moment he marched down the

hallways.

Honestly, Billy didn't really listen to Tommy explain about the important figures at the school until he pointed out Steve Harrington one afternoon at lunch. He tugged at Billy's jacket and before he could elbow him, Billy turned around to finally see him.

Steve fucking Harrington with his perfect hair, perfect little girlfriend, and perfect life. And for once Billy listen to every word that Tommy spewed out about the once popular Harrington while Carol rolled her eyes.

"The moment Miss Goody-Two-Shoes started dating him he turned into such prissy piece of shit. He used to be cool, like how he would throw these parties and out drink everyone. Nowadays he is sort of like he lap dog who follows her orders." Carol groaned as she tried to open her milk, remembering how Steve used to open it for her.

"And he totally got his ass handed to him by the freak over there, Jonathan." Tommy quickly pointed to the kid before tugging at the seal of his applesauce. He can't seem to get it open as he shoved it away from him, then he recalled Steve was the one who removed the foil when they were friends.

Billy checked out Steve, looking at his preppy clothes and fluffy hair. Billy had a flash of arousal as he imagined himself ripping off the tacky polo and tugging at the soft locks. He wanted to ruin Steve, see him wrecked by pleasure as he claim the pretty boy for himself.

He turned his attention away when Steve almost caught him staring,

and pretended he didn't want Steve in his bed. He couldn't give in, especially being on thin ice with his father. If he slipped up again then he was definitely dead, so there was no way he was going to try and be friendly with Steve Harrington.

Billy stopped reminiscing as he yanked the door wide open, in his drunken state he wanted to find Steve. He didn't know if he wanted to apologize, but either way Billy just had to find him again.

Roaming around he shook off any girls who tried to flirt with him, he wasn't in the mood for them. And from across the room he saw Steve chugging a red solo cup, refilling it with whatever filled the mysterious red punch bowl.

Billy made a bee line towards Steve, pushing and shoving anyone that came in his way until he finally reached Steve. Steve doesn't stop drinking, but he at least acknowledged his presence by giving Billy a sideways glance.

"Harrington, stop that." Billy hissed as he smacked the cup out of Steve's hand. Steve, with his puffy doe eyes, frowned at Billy before trying to get another cup.

Billy gripped his wrist, "I wanna talk, come on." He explained as he dragged Steve into an empty bathroom, the same bathroom where Nancy broke his heart.

Steve could still hear her saying 'bullshit' as Billy locked the bathroom door, he leaned his head against the wall as tears started to drip out. Steve closed his eyes, trying to stop looking so pathetic to

the new keg king.

"Why were you crying?" Billy tried to break the awkward silence, as he splashed some cold water onto his face. Billy needed to sober up, he shouldn't of underestimate how much this town drinks. They have nothing better to do other than drink and party.

"Because apparently I am bullshit, everything is bullshit. Just bullshit, bullshit, bullshit!" Steve spat out as he wiped the tears off of his cheek. Steve is sniffling as he crosses his arms, wishing the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

"Who told you that?" Billy asked as he lets his fingers reach out to Steve. Billy felt hesitant to even touch Steve, but knew he had to do something to calm him down. Steve glanced at him, feeling the rough fingertips make contact with his heated face. Steve leaned into it, and since he was too drunk to shut his mouth he revealed more.

"Nancy, my girlfriend, said she doesn't love me. She never did." Steve stammered before he breaks down crying all over again, and without thinking Billy wrapped his arms around him. Billy held his breath realizing what he was doing, believing that any moment now Steve would shove him away and call him a fag.

Instead he felt Steve hugged him back, resting his head on Billy's shoulder. Steve breathing calmed down instantly, and Billy swore he could feel his heartbeat as he held him.

Then Steve lifted his head to stare at Billy, those dewy brown eyes were captivating and Billy couldn't get enough of it. Then he took a

gander at Steve's lips, redden from the red punch or was always naturally this pigmented. Billy already took a leap of faith when he embraced him, and he jumped yet again as he swooped in to kiss Steve.

They felt lush and tender compared to Billy's slightly chapped lips, and Billy definitely loved it. Billy thought for sure that Steve would try and push him away. However, Steve tilted his head to the side and kissed Billy back.

Billy loved testing the limits of anything, from his body to his car, and right now was another perfect example. Billy had Steve's hair between his fingers as he nibbles on his bottom lip. This is better than anything he could dream of, and Billy had some pretty unique dreams to say the least.

Without hesitation Steve opens himself to Billy as they deepen the kiss. Steve has his hands on Billy's waist, feeling the taut muscles that Billy was showing off throughout the night. Billy smirked to himself as he decided to grab Steve's ass, feeling Steve shudder in surprised at the pleasure.

Steve is the first one to break the kiss as he throws his head back moaning when Billy grasped his clothed erection. Kissing Steve left him nearly breathless and for sure addicted. Compare to everyone he has kissed prior to Steve, Steve was the best by far.

"Hey, pretty boy do you like it when I touch you right here?" Billy whispered in his ear as he starts to massage Steve's hard cock. Light pressure, not too aggressive to ensure he won't scare him away. Billy can't deny that he feels like he is going to burst any moment watching Steve bite his lips in pleasure.

"F-fuck, yeah. Don't stop." Steve stuttered as his eyelashes fluttered, Billy was about to go back kissing until there was a loud bang at the door. The sound shocked Steve who started to realize what he was doing with Billy.

Steve wanted Billy, some place in the back of his mind he knew he should stop. Yet, he and Nancy were no more and Steve really needed to get off before the night ended. Just before Billy could pull away, Steve had to tell him something right then and there.

"I have a heated pool at my house, do you want to see? Right now I mean," Steve asked as the door handle rattled. "My parents are away for the week." He suggestively added as Billy processed what he was saying while also trying to decide what to do about the intruder.

"Lead the way, Harrington." He answered as he released Steve, instantly missing his warmth. Billy flipped off the man who banged outside after Steve slipped out of the room first.

Personally, Steve felt glad that everyone was drunk at the party. No one paid them any attention at all, in the morning there won't be any recollection of them sneaking out with each other.

Steve handed Billy his car keys, knowing full well he wasn't sober enough to drive. Billy sped off into the night with Steve directing him on how to exactly make it to his house.

It doesn't take long for them to reach the two story house, it is larger

than most of the houses in Hawkins. Billy is gawking at how expensive the outside of the house looks while Steve fumbled with his keys to open the door.

"Home sweet home, you know?" Steve shrugged as the door swung open, the lights were flipped on as Billy stepped in. The paintings on the wall read sophistication and money, but Billy noticed how cold it felt. It was like a house created to show the world how perfect they were, yet it felt unloved and inhospitable.

"The pool is over here, make yourself at home." Steve casually strolled past the living room to the backyard. Sliding the doors open he turned to Billy, "You coming or what?"

Billy stopped himself from over analyzing the house to follow Steve outside, and nearly chokes on his own spit when he watched Steve stripped off all of his clothes.

Steve isn't coy when he lazily lifted his shirt up, showing Billy his flat stomach and bare chest. He gradually unzipped his zipper, making sure each passing second made him anxious. Then he slid out of his jeans to gracefully reveal his toned legs, and Billy couldn't believe how much of a tease Steve was.

Steve canon balls into the heated pool in his underwear and as he resurfaced he gave Billy a cocky grin. Billy nearly fainted when he noticed his briefs were floating nearby. Never in his wildest dreams would he imagined Steve Harrington going skinny dipping with him.

"Well?" He asked as Billy stood near the edge of the pool, watching

Steve splash water onto him. Billy swallowed any uncertainty as he dropped his jacket to the ground, waggling his tongue at Steve. He effectively untied his boots, and when he glanced up he noticed how flustered Steve is.

"What's wrong princess?" Billy leered as he pulled down his pants to reveal no underwear at all. He heard the smallest gasp from Steve as he slowly made his way into the pool. Knowing full well that Steve can't take his eyes off of him, no one would in his situation.

Once in the pool Billy swam towards Steve, noting how dilated his pupils were. Billy draped his arm on Steve's shoulder before pulling him closer. Steve gave a small yelp as their erections touched, Billy huffed as he placed his hands on Steve's waist. He slide his hands up and down Steve's body, making Steve throb.

"You have me naked and hard Harrington, now what?" Billy murmured into Steve's ear before setting his sights on Steve's neck. He placed a simple kiss here and there before starting to taste Steve with energetic nibbles.

Billy wanted to leave a mark on Steve, to show everyone that King Steve is his. Billy started to suck on Steve's neck, while also biting afterwards to ensure a nice amount of hickies. He left a large one below Steve's ear before pulling back to admire his work.

"Billy." Steve whimpered as he crossed his legs behind Billy's waist, rutting against Billy's cock. Billy had to admit he really liked those long legs wrapped around him, begging or better yet demanding for more. Steve has his hands in Billy's hair, and tugged at Billy to kiss him again.

Billy shivered as he eased Steve back into an open mouth kiss, enjoying how well they fitted together. Steve would explore with more enthusiasm each time, and Billy rewarded him as he grazed their dicks. It felt like eternity before Steve let go of him to get out of the pool.

It took a couple of seconds before Billy realized that Steve slipped out of his grip. He waited as Harrington started to tremble as the chilly October air smacked against his skin. Steve holding himself for warmth as he clarified to Billy, "Don't you want to go inside and get comfortable?"

Billy swiftly followed Steve back into the house and gladly took the towel he handed him. "How about I show you my room? You could borrow some warmer clothes." Steve hinted, somewhat acting timid and vulnerable. Steve was aggressive like Billy, when he flirted he acted innocent and skittish.

"Whatever you say." Billy mumbled as he followed Steve up the stairs, feeling the soft carpet under his feet. Steve wrapped the towel around his waist, but he didn't hide his wide shoulders at all. Billy stared at the water droplets that slid down Steve's back, he wanted to trace it with his tongue.

Steve eventually revealed his room to Billy, and awkwardly opened his closet as if he was actually searching for some clothes for them. A bikini clad model is hanged up in his room and Billy took a moment to recall his own poster in his room. "Guess we have similar taste Harrington." Billy snickered as he pointed towards the picture.

"Yeah, I guess so." Steve blushed as Billy moved his towel to fall on the floor and sat on the edge of Steve's bed. Steve doesn't shy away from Billy, he looked directly at his erection with this fire behind his eyes.

"Come here, pretty boy. Why don't you take a seat?" Billy sneered, trying to make a joke, but before he knew it he had a lap full of Harrington. Steve straddling Billy as he hooked his arm behind his neck, "Like this?" Steve whispered as he planted a kiss on Billy's neck.

Billy gripped his fingers into the flesh of Steve's bottom, massaging it and loving the feeling of Steve pushing back into his touch. He is pleasantly surprised that King Steve is willing to do this. He needed Steve right then and there before he could ruin this.

"Where's the lube? I wanna fuck you good and hard." He huskily mumbled into Steve's shoulder, embracing the feeling of being surrounded by Steve. Steve arousal is making the idea of Billy fucking him nice and hard sound more appealing by each second.

"Fuck, it's in my nightstand. I'll get it." Steve rushed to grab his lube, and shoved it into Billy's hand. Steve is curious to say the least about how it would feel to have him inside him. The moment he saw the naked cock, Steve wondered what it would feel like on his tongue.

Steve knew how good it felt to receive a blowjob, but deep down he secretly pondered on what it would feel like to have hot cock in his mouth. To let his tongue slip across the sensitive skin, and feel the trembling thighs underneath his hands as he spread Billy to take him in further. Steve pondered to himself if Billy would let him try that later on since they had much better things to do.

The idea of Billy thrusting into him sent shivers down his spine and a hunger that needed to be sated. Steve has fingered himself once in a while, especially after finding out about anal sex. However, he never actually reached that special spot before, since he usually got embarrassed of even trying to locate the damn area.

"Lay down on your back for me baby, I'll make you feel real good." Billy ordered and Steve submissively listened to him. He even spread his legs for Billy without being told to do so. Billy never knew how much of a slut Steve was, and knew they were going to have a lot of fun with each other.

"Look at how good you are doing, perfect in every way." Billy praised as he caressed Steve's jaw before sliding his hand down his body. Teasing his excited skin with his nails until he reached his thigh, then he firmly grasped it to reveal himself more. Steve tried to suppressed a whimper, but Billy instantly recognized it.

"You like being good for me? You like it when I praise you, huh?" Billy massaged Steve's trembling thighs, going back and forth before leaning down to lay a kiss. Steve tried to close his legs out of reflex, but Billy clasped onto both thighs to keep him wide and open for him.

"Don't do that now, baby. I like how eager you are for me, and only me." Billy muttered as he started to place a row of kisses from Steve's thigh to his cock. Steve had precum dripping down his shaft by the end of the action, Billy gleamed at him as he squeezed his cock.

"Look at how wet you are. You are leaking so much right now. Do you want me to continue?" Billy asked as Steve tried to lift his hips to get from friction. Steve never let another person talked to him like his before, it should make him ashamed of himself however it only

intensify the feeling in his gut.

Billy slapped Steve thigh and earned a low mewling noise to burst from his chest in reply. "I asked if you wanted more. If you don't, then we can stop here." Billy smirked as he loosen his grip. Steve instantly sat up, using his elbows to support him as he tried to trap Billy by wrapping his legs around him.

"No, I really want, I just want more." Steve whined as Billy finally popped open the lid of the lube. "Then keep your legs open wide for me, Sweetheart." He licked his lips as Steve laid back down, doing his best to please Billy.

"How cute." Billy hummed to himself as he poured the lube out. He warmed it between his fingers, focusing on Steve who sighed when he traced his rim. Billy circled around the entrance, shifting from light pressure to tapping the sensitive area.

"You don't have to go slow, I can handle it." Steve grumbled into his arm, feeling feverish as he laid there before Billy. The fact that even in bed Steve is acting cocky made Billy laugh to himself at the idea that Steve could manage such a feat.

The bed shifted as Steve sits back up, no longer trapping Billy between his legs. He leaned over to yank the lube out of Billy's hand as he stayed still. Billy feared that Steve will now throw him out of the house and never talk to him again. However, he stared in awe as Steve lubed up his own fingers and widen his leg to show Billy.

Steve gently pushed a single finger into himself, making sure to slowly slide in and out before quickening his pace. Billy moaned to himself as he watched Steve add another digit into himself, at first

nudging it along side the first before setting in. He scissored himself, and Billy wished the light were completely on in order to see more of him.

He starts to noticed Steve grunts as he twisted his finger around to find something, but soon enough he released groans of frustration. "Here, let me take care of it." Billy spoke up as he snatched Steve's wrist. Guiding Steve to pull out of himself before he replaced the emptiness with his own two fingers.

Billy bite his lips at the feeling of Steve's velvet walls that suck him in, and he couldn't wait to feel it on his rock hard dick. Billy hasn't touched himself at all, he wanted to wait until he was fully inside of Steve.

Billy's fingers had somewhat thicker fingers that caused Steve to moan as Billy roughly stretched him open. The two fingers become three as Billy is rotating the fingers as he searched for that magical spot. He knew he found it when Steve moaned aloud and his toes curled on the bed.

"Holy shit, there! Right, there. Don't stop, Billy." Steve lustful wails assured Billy that he is ready for him. Billy removed his fingers out of Steve, and before Steve could complain he replace it with his cock.

"Fuck, yeah." Billy groaned out as he is finally in, Steve pulled him in closer. Billy rested his face into the crook of Steve's shoulder as he started to move, memorizing the sounds Steve was making.

"So good, really good." Billy sighed to Steve as he began to roughly

thrust into Steve. Steve chewed on his lips as whimpers poured out of him, Billy could feel his nails dig into his back almost drawing blood. Billy knew for sure that they are going to leave a mark as he gathered himself in and out of Steve.

"Harder, Billy!" Steve whined as Billy plunged deeper into Steve, hitting that one spot that made him tremble. Billy is relentless as he firmly drove into him, loving how Steve is lifting his hips to meet his thrusts.

"Does it feel good? Do you want more?" Billy left Steve breathless, especially when he started to jerk off Steve. "Fuck, so close." Steve sobbed before he kissed Billy on the mouth.

The sounds of grunts and moans filled the room alongside the loud of skin on skin contact. Billy understood that Steve was close when he clenched himself on Billy, not wanting to let go of him. With one final tug of his reddened cock, Steve is screaming his name as he climaxed. Billy can't believe how much he loved hearing Steve say his name, almost wishing it could record it to listen on repeat.

Nevertheless, Billy is still hard and continued to thrust into Steve's oversensitive area. Steve doesn't hide his whimpers as Billy bites his neck, licking the wound as Steve cries out. Tears are falling from Steve's eyes as Billy finally cums inside Steve, it feels hot and sticky as it runs down his thighs.

He finally glided himself out of Steve, and takes in the image that laid before him. Steve with his teary eyes, bruised neck, and cum all over his stomach and thighs made Billy shudder. Billy wished he had a camera to capture this moment, but decided it was better to mentally remember this.

He positioned himself next to Steve, and stared at the ceiling as both of them tried to catch their breath. Steve rolled over and laid his arm around Billy's chest. If Billy wasn't dead tired he would grumble at the cuddling, but secretly enjoyed having Steve lay there right next to Billy. Steve leaned his head against Billy's shoulder as he fell asleep, too tired to say anything at all.

Billy watched him for a bit, infatuated with how he looked satisfied and appearing all fucked out. Billy doesn't want to think about tomorrow morning, so instead he too fell asleep right next to Steve. It has been a long time since he had a boy in his bed, but right now he rather live in the moment than dread about the aftermath.

2. Don't go.

Summary for the Chapter:

After sleeping together, Steve and Billy have to decide what to do next.

Notes for the Chapter:

It took me a while to write this chapter out, hopefully you will enjoy it. Please comment or leave a kudos if you think I should continue with this. I might start other stories depending on how I feel towards this one. Thank for taking the time to read this and I honestly hope you like it

Early in the morning Steve woke up, he felt comfortably warm as he held onto whoever was in bed with him. He noticed the sun wasn't peeking inside his room yet, so he snuggled closer.

Billy opened his eyes due to Steve's sudden movement, and as Steve returned to his spot, Billy realized where he was. He glimpsed at the slacken boy before he mentally panicked.

He had two options here, either sneak out before Steve woke up or face it head on by talking to Steve. Billy wasn't fearless, he was terrified to see Steve's reaction after the alcohol wore off. Billy decided the best choice for now was to try and leave before any major conflict could occur.

Steve had his head leaning into his shoulder and draped his arm over Billy's torso. Billy recalled the passionate night they had, memories that will be replayed when he knew no one else was around. And even though he would love to lay there with Steve for hours, he knew he had to act soon or else there would be Hell to pay.

He gently placed his hand under Steve's arm and pushed it back to his side of the bed, Steve started to groan to himself forcing Billy to lay still. Once Steve appeared calm and serene, Billy moved onto his head next. However the moment he made contact with Steve's cheek, he received wide brown eyes staring back at him.

They stared at each other for what felt like a century before Steve pull himself to sit on the bed. "I don't know what to do." Steve confessed as Billy noticed the hickies that marked him all over.

A part of him relished in the fact that he did that to Steve, that now whenever Steve noticed them he will remember Billy. Yet the voice in the back of his head taunted him, those marks proved that he was a queer just like his father has said. He needs to cut this connection with Steve before he grew too attached.

"You don't have to do anything, Harrington. Just keep your mouth shut about all if this or else." Billy threatened as he slid out of the bed to find his clothes. He tugged his hair in frustration when he realized they were still outside near the pool.

"Wait, we should talk about this man." Steve tried to follow Billy, but the moment he stood, he instantly fell right back down. The yelp he let out made Billy turned towards him, to see Steve with his legs wide open as his cum started to leak out of him.

"Shit! What do I do about this?" Steve wanted to cry as he shut his legs together. He couldn't believe he let a random asshole climax inside of him, and now he started to panic as he realized how weak his legs were.

"Fuck, fine I'll help you. But after this, we never speak about it again." Billy proposed as he took pity on the boy. He appeared vulnerable to Billy, just like last night when he cried over his stupid girlfriend.

Billy huffed to himself as he allowed Steve to latch onto him, "Where's your bathroom? You need to clean yourself up." Billy asked as he felt Steve shiver under his fingertips. The room smelled of sex, and Billy needed to leave as soon as possible.

"Down the hall to the right, thanks." Steve mumbled as they stumbled out of the room. Steve tried to conceal a grunt as gravity forced more semen to run down his legs. He wanted to cry about how empty he felt for once, but instead he pretended nothing was wrong.

Billy busted through the door, only to find a bathtub instead of a shower. Then again he would have to help Steve stand up in the shower instead of laying him down into the hot water.

After helping Steve into the bathtub, Billy was about to leave when Steve called out to him. "Don't go." Steve whispered as Billy gripped the handle, he sighed before turning around to mock Steve.

However, the moment he saw Steve sitting there with his deflated hair and terribly defenseless stare made him knew that he had to stay. The water continued to fill the tub, steam filling the air as he made his way back to Steve.

Billy glanced at the bottles that balanced on the bathtub caddy tray

that laid across the tub. Billy popped open the bubble bath and poured a healthy amount. Bubbles quickly arose as Billy sat down near the tub, resting his head on the wall as Steve started washing himself.

He closed his eyes as tried to figure out what to do after this, he breathe in the fruity smell that filled the air. He gulped as he opened his eyes to just silently watch Steve lather his hair, beholding the sight of Steve in private.

For a moment he wondered what it would be like to be there for Steve, to be his friend or maybe even his boyfriend. Billy silently groaned to himself for being weak, he shouldn't be daydreaming at a time like this. He already has done too much, there would be no way to resolve this.

"Billy, how do I? Fuck, how do I clean it?" Steve hissed as he pulled Billy out of his thoughts. For a second, Billy scrunched up his face, confused what Steve was even talking about. Steve with his wide eyes glanced up and down at his body, hoping for Billy figure it out.

"Oh, Harrington. Here let me." Billy huffed as he slipped into the tub with Steve, pushing the caddy behind him. He was already naked, and he figured he might as well clean himself up before leaving. The water splashed onto the floor as he got between Steve's legs, admiring the blush that graced Steve's face.

"Keep them open, Harrington." Billy explained, pushing Steve to lay against the back of the tub. He wasted no time in pressing his fingers against Steve's entrance.

Steve groaned at feeling, shocked that he was still loose from last night. "You wanted me to stay, princess. Why?" Billy leaned in to whisper as he swiftly started to finger Steve. Even though he was still sore, Steve shivered at the feeling at being filled again.

"F-fuck." Steve replied, losing his mind over the sensation once Billy punched that special spot. Billy laughed to himself noticing Steve's erection, and frowned when he realized how hard he was. Feeling too hot and bothered to stop now, he grasped Steve's wrist to drag it to his cock.

Steve in his pleasurable state somehow knew what he wanted and started to jerk him off. Sliding his hand up and down while twisting whenever he reached the tip of the erection. Billy shuddered at the feeling before continuing to fuck Steve with his fingers.

Listening to the moans that filled the room, Billy wished that this moment could last forever. With his name on his lips, Steve climaxed as Billy watched in awe. And that was all it took for Billy to cum, seeing Steve lay there before him panting.

In that moment, Billy came to the conclusion that Steve was too addicting to give up. They weren't boyfriends, but they could fool around. Yeah, then Steve would see the real Billy and find out how they weren't going to last as anything. If Steve told him to leave, then he would go far away back to California.

Billy lifted himself out of the tub first, grabbing a towel to wrap around his hips before leaving Steve in the dirty water. Steve crawled out of the tub, slow as he tried to find the strength in his legs.

Somehow Steve made it back to his room, and searched through his closet for something to wear. After glancing at the mirror, he gasped at the marks that covered his neck and chest. He pulled a turtleneck over as he peeked at the clock, and flopped onto the bed realizing it was too early to get ready for school.

The knocks at his door startled him as Billy stood by the doorway, still wearing last night clothes, "Don't go to bed yet, I need you to come with me to get my car." Billy acted distant on the car drive to Tina's house as if he didn't have his fingers in Steve twenty minutes ago.

Steve thanked the Lord when they finally made it to the trashed house, people passed out in the yard not paying any attention to them. Billy hopped into his car, pulling out an extra cigarette pack from his glove department to smoke. He licked his lips to himself before looking at Steve.

"This never happened, Harrington. Keep your mouth shut if you know what is good for you." He spat out before the roar of his engine muted Steve's reply. Steve stared as the car zoomed away, the sun barely rose as Steve drove back home in his car.

As he dropped his keys into the bowl near the door, Steve sighed when he realized he left last night's clothes outside. He stepped out to pick up after himself, trying not to remember what happened in the pool. The feeling of Billy's lips on his, and how his rough fingers felt on his body.

Steve shook his head, he needs to stop reminiscing about Billy. He needs to get ready for the day, he turned on the radio in his bathroom as he fixed his hair. The song "Tainted Love" started to

play, Steve took a moment to stop and stare at himself in the mirror.

What did he even want anymore? Billy asked him 'why?' and honestly, Steve had no idea why he wanted Billy to stay with him. Maybe he was scared? He felt used and needed reassurance that he wasn't just another notch on Billy's belt. He needed a distraction from what was happening in his life.

Nancy didn't love him, she probably never did. She was his safe haven after all of the things he had seen, and now that option is gone. His parents were never there for him, and probably didn't think highly of him. He wasn't good at school, and his reputation went up to flames when he chose Nancy over popularity.

Steve flipped the channel once he realized his eyes began watering, the song made too many emotions come up and he needed to stop thinking about everything. He got ready, grabbed a banana nut muffin before racing out of the door. He needed to get his head into the game, he needed to focus on school.

He thought for a second of picking up Nancy, but knew he didn't want to see her after everything. In first period he still couldn't get his mind off Billy, and the next few class periods weren't any better. Steve ate in car, still not wanting to see Nancy at their usual lunch spot.

When basketball practice came around, Steve had to face his issues head on. Billy had no problem getting close and personal with Steve on the court, almost thriving on making Steve uncomfortable.

However when Billy told him 'Then you turned bitch', Steve was shocked to say the least at the comment. He was so taken back by how he said it, with him almost murmuring into his ears, that Billy came up from under him to take the ball. Steve hated how Billy waggled his tongue at him after scoring a basket, and how he recalled the feeling of his tongue in his mouth.

Nancy pulled Steve away to talk, and Billy tried to act as cocky as usual. Still, there was this hidden jealousy growing within him at the idea that Nancy is begging for Steve to take her back. The feeling intensified when he imagined Steve agreeing to go back to her, forgetting about Billy as he stays with his perfect little girlfriend.

When Steve came racing back to the court, visibly upset as he tried to play the game. Billy smirked to himself, knowing that Steve and Nancy weren't together anymore.

After everyone left the locker room, Steve knew it was time to take his shower. He turned the faucet on and let the warm water hit his back. He needed to relax and calm down after his talk with Nancy. He silently cussed to himself as he felt the tear drops slide down his face, Steve hated how tired he felt.

"Jesus, Harrington! Don't you do anything else other than crying?" Billy called out to him, Steve wiped his tears as he turned away from Billy. Steve started pouring the shampoo in his hair as Billy stepped in closer.

"Come on, can't you take a joke?" Billy mockingly laughed as he turned the water on for his shower. Steve wouldn't allow even an glance at Billy which only infuriated him.

"Hey! I am talking to you, or are you still fucked out after everything we did." He taunted, Billy gripped Steve's shoulder as he forced Steve to look at him. Steve shoved Billy away, "You said that never happened, Hargrove." Steve frowned.

"Well, that depends entirely on you. We could have fun together, but keep it between us. No one will have to know, Harrington." Billy promised and for once seemed sincere. Steve was confused to say the least, and took a moment to think about what was happening.

Billy wanted Steve, even though he acted like an asshole he wanted Steve. Now, Steve wasn't sure if he was gay for Billy or something. However he couldn't deny this ache within him that he secretly knew only Billy could satisfy. Without anything holding him back, Steve somehow agreed.

Billy couldn't believe his ear when he heard Harrington's answer, and wondered if Steve completely lost his mind. Billy was going to break him, and see what laid underneath the famous 'King Steve' before he came to his senses. Steve asked for this, and Billy was absolutely going to deliver it.

"Let's go to your place then, pretty boy." Billy slipped out after Steve answered him. "Yeah, sure after I finish cleaning up." Steve nonchalantly replied as he rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. Billy smirked as he finished washing up himself, he couldn't wait until he had his hands on Steve again.

Both of the boys left the school in separate cars, Billy had to snubbed a girl or two as he slipped into his Camaro. Billy wasn't even that

upset when Steve went the speed limit, he could wait for a little bit.

Once they parked their cars in Steve's driveway, Billy definitely got a bit handsy as Steve tried to unlock his front door. "Wait, before we do this we have to set some ground rules." Steve huffed out as he shook Billy off of him.

"What more do we have to say, princess? We fuck and get off, that's it. No snuggling or cuddling afterwards. None of that queer shit." Billy pulled out a cigarette from his pack.

Steve swiftly swiped it out of his hands before he could even hold it in his mouth. "I get that, but I mean shit like this. You can't smoke here, or leave a mess after we are done." Steve explained as he shoved the bud into Billy's chest.

"Fine, I won't smoke. And I maybe will help you clean up afterwards," Billy leered as he gripped Steve's wrist. "But even though we are doing this, I am not your boyfriend or anything close to that." He whispered into Steve's ear before pulling away.

"Yeah, great whatever. But I want to know what is okay for us to do, you know like is oral alright?" Steve asked, personally he wanted to experiment. Billy frowned, "No way in Hell am I going to blow you, pretty boy."

Steve could fill his cheeks flush in color as he made himself clear, "No, I mean is it alright if I do that to you? I mean is it cool if I try sucking you off." Steve wondered if this was the moment Billy would laugh in his face and call him a queer or fag.

Instead Billy looked at Steve before giving out a hearty chuckle and licking his lips. "You want me to fuck your mouth princess? I would be honored to do so." Billy could picture it now, Steve on his knees pleasuring Billy as he harshly thrust into that pretty little mouth of his.

"Cool, so I guess we should go to my room." Steve scratched his face, slightly hard at the idea of blowing Billy. Billy wasted no time in wrapping his arms around his waste to kiss him. This kiss was of pure hunger and brutal force that somehow made Steve craving for more.

Kissing is nice, making out with Billy however is like the most intense kissing session he has ever had. Billy puts his all into kissing him, ensuring a hands on approach to say the least. Billy groped his bottom and pushed Steve closer to him, both of them were hard and willing.

"Fuck, we should go right now." Steve somehow broke the kiss, and dragged Billy up the stairs. It took a few minutes before they found themselves back in Steve's room.

"Sit down, take your clothes off." Steve demanded as he directed Billy. Billy sat there on the edge of the bed ogling Steve as he threw off his clothes. Seeing the marks he left last night, the bruises turned into a deeper red and purple color as Billy eyed him. After removing all of his clothing, Steve noticed how dazed and mystified Billy looked.

"Hey, you got a free show now it's your turn. Come on, take it off."

Steve caressed Billy's chest that peeked out of his shirt. Billy snapped out of his haze and slide the shirt over his head. Steve kneel down to the floor as he helped Billy unzip his pants.

Billy was about to lift his hips to slip his jeans off, but Steve stopped him with a firm grip. "Let me, please." Steve murmured as he got situated between Billy's thigh. Steve now fully unzipped Billy and pulled his harden member out of his tight pants.

"Jeez, do you even own any underwear?" Steve said with a cheeky grin as he gripped it. Billy let out a small groan before replying with, "Makes it easier to fuck, Pretty boy. Now are you going to suck me off or not?"

Steve was for sure more talkative than last night, but Billy sort of liked it. Normally when a girl would talk this much, Billy would shove her away and leave. The shrill voices ruined the mood and made it nearly impossible for Billy to get off. However with Steve, his voice sounded irrepressible and he couldn't wait to hear it hoarse after Billy is done with him.

"Yeah, I am on it. But this is the first time ever doing this so I want to stop, can you promise to stop?" Steve asked a moment as he stared at the cock in his hand. He looked up to met Billy's eyes, "Sure, if you want to stop then I'll stop."

For a moment it felt as though Billy cared what Steve wanted, and with that Steve turned his attention back to giving his first blow job. He leaned in to give a gentle lip across the shaft, at first hesitant but soon grew with more pressure. Steve knew how good a blow job could feel, but he never imagined sucking cock until today.

He jerked Billy off as he slide his tongue in circles around the tip, collecting any precum that started to drip there. He at first tried to gently ease the whole erection into his mouth, but when it hit the back of his throat he panic and slide his mouth off.

Billy bite his lips at Steve turned his attention to his balls, sucking and licking them while tightening his clasp on his shaft. The soft stroking of his hair hastily turned into eager tugging as Steve went back to the tip. He flicked his tongue back and forth of the tip before retrying to shallow Billy's cock again.

This time Steve was determined to keep him down as he tried to get used the the girth in his mouth. He used his lips to cover his teeth as he felt Billy slide against his tongue. Steve then focused on breathing through his nose, feeling Billy's pubes tickle his nose as he took in air. He could smell Billy's musk along with his cheap cologne, but instead of feeling repulsed, Steve found himself trying to breath in more of the smell.

Steve loved the feeling of the tender and velvet skin rubbing against his tongue. And even though his eyes were tearing up, he just wanted to take in more. Billy's cock kept pushing further and further into Steve, and even though his throat felt wrecked Steve adored it. He finally opened his eyes when Billy started to thrust harshly into his mouth.

Billy wanted to go slow with Steve on his first time giving head, but what Steve lacked in experience he made up with persistence. Billy couldn't stop his hips from rolling into the delicious heat of Steve's mouth. For the longest time Billy stared and felt impressed with how much Steve wanted this. He couldn't believe his eyes as his cock slide

into King Steve's mouth.

The boys back in California had nothing on Steve Harrington, and Billy shuddered when he made eye contact with Steve. Those teary brown eyes made Billy closer to climax, and he knew he couldn't last much longer. He tried to pull back as he felt himself reaching the breaking point, but Steve wouldn't let go.

Steve tried to tell Billy to keep going, but the humming of his throat made Billy completely lose it. Steve whimpered as the hot cum slide down into his throat, and he knew he needed to cum soon or else. Even though Billy slipped his penis out of Steve's mouth, he noticed Steve stroking himself as he licked at Billy's sensitive cock.

Billy brushed his fingers against Steve's jaw before he firmly stopped Steve from trying to suck him off again. "Whoa, hold on. Did you actually swallowed?" Billy tapped his cheek, waiting for an answer. Steve opened his mouth for him to show off how he gulped down every drop, he doesn't stop touching himself.

"Fuck, that's so hot. Sit on my lap, come here." Billy grumbled out as Steve tried to stand up. Steve straddled Billy and rested his head on Billy's shoulder as he continue to stroke himself.

Billy could hear every single moan that slipped out of Steve's mouth, and without any hesitation he slapped Steve's hand off of himself. For a second Steve let out a whine before Billy wrapped his fingers against his erection.

"Wow, you are so wet for me. Did sucking me off really turned you

on, Princess?" Billy mumbled with his husky voice. He could feel Steve nod against his shoulder and how he trembled all over.

Billy hastily jerked Steve off, hearing how throaty his voice sounded as he started begging. "P-please, I want to cum. I need to, please." Steve tighten his arms around Billy as he felt close. Billy smirked as he gave one particularly rough tug before hearing Steve moan out his name, he knew Steve climaxed when he felt the heated cum drip from his hand.

Steve couldn't hold himself up anymore, and leaned into Billy's touch. Billy had an interesting idea as he traced his dirtied fingers against Steve's lips. Without any doubt Steve licked his fingers cleaned as Billy chuckled to himself as he rubbed Steve's shoulder with his other hand.

"I had no idea King Steve was such a cock slut." Billy commented, as he leaned into the bed with Steve in his arms. Billy knew he was already breaking his own rule about cuddling, but after everything Steve did he knew they both deserve it. Soon enough they fell into a deep sleep, and Billy realized there was more than meets the eye with Steve Harrington.

3. This ain't no fairy-tale romance

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve doesn't know how long he can keep this up, and Billy reacts.

The next day Steve woke up naked and alone, this feeling of loneliness started to creep in as he cleaned himself. Hot water cascaded down upon his back, letting the heat soothe his sore muscles. Still, the dull ache of abandonment made him want to lay in bed all day, however he still had to go to class.

It felt unusual to say the least that only a few days ago he was happy with Nancy, now he was messing around with Billy. Well, Billy wanted to call it messing around and nothing more. Steve pondered if he made the right choice in continuing this charade with his rival.

Billy was attractive, and had the confidence that Steve could only dream of. However, Steve didn't know anything else about Billy on a personal level. Their conversations weren't eye opening or even remotely filled with information about the real Billy. Steve just wanted to know why Billy picked him out of every boy in Hawkins.

School was alright, English sort of sucked when the teacher gave him a "C-" on a paper he recently finished. That didn't bother Steve, what did bother him was when Steve noticed Billy making out with Sara Smith while going to his locker.

He watched for a few seconds, appearing cool and calm on the surface as he grabbed his books. Yet, he couldn't deny how much it stung to see Billy shove his tongue down a girl's throat. What was even going on?

Now, Steve assumed they keep their relationship, or whatever they were doing on the down-low. He didn't expect Billy to just throw caution to the wind as he spit swapped with another girl. It made Steve feel like he was just another conquest on his score sheet.

That thought made Steve want to scream, because it just proved he wasn't enough for Billy. He swore he saw Billy smirked at him when they barely made eye contact as he started to walk to class. Steve knew that they weren't in a relationship, but the outright display that Billy gave him prove that Steve didn't matter to Billy. Not even a little bit.

What hurts more? Being seen as a replaceable lover or the fact that Billy will never want them to be exclusive. God, he was horrible at English when he realized that the two ideas go hand in hand. Billy would never go steady with Steve, instead he would much rather have him as a warm body and nothing else.

Billy shoved the girl off once Steve was out of sight, he completed his goal and didn't feel like kissing anymore. In the back of his head he was wondering why Steve appeared so composed at the performance he just gave. Then again it's not like Steve would make a scene, they agreed that what they had was no fairy-tale romance.

Billy himself understood that Steve and him weren't going to be an item, especially since the last boyfriend he had almost died back in California. Before the sun came peeking out from the mountains, Billy slipped out of the warm bed he shared with Steve. He hated how he had no self-control when it came to Steve.

Steve silently snored to himself as Billy redressed, he couldn't help but smile at the sleeping boy. For a moment Billy wondered if he should just go back to bed with Steve, taking a step closer to examine his tranquil face.

He didn't know why, but he just wanted to touch Steve's hair. As if it would reveal to him that their encounters were real and not a wet dream he had. He gently slide his fingers against a strand that laid on Steve's cheek, feeling the softness and warmth that was Steve Harrington.

The action made Steve shuffle closer to Billy's touch, he grumbled "Billy" to himself as he nuzzled his fingers. Billy pulled his fingertips away, and swiftly left the room. He felt his heart beat louder than the music that blasted on his stereo as he returned home.

This greatly terrified him, he was getting too attached to Steve which is the worst thing he could do right now. He sadly laughed to himself imaging the look on Steve's face if he ever confronted him about it. Then frowned imaging Steve rejecting the notion that they were anything, but fuck buddies.

A part of him wished Steve would confess about wanting to start a relationship, while the other part knew that news quickly traveled around in the small town. His father would beat Billy and Steve to a pulp if he got wind of what they have been doing, he needed to nip these feelings in the bud.

He just had to reinforce that they weren't together to Steve, pretty simple thing to do. He already knew Steve's schedule by heart, so when the time came he grabbed Sara or Samantha for some heavy kissing. He made sure Steve had an eye full as he gripped her waist

and pulled her closer.

Personally, kissing the cow was revolting in multiple ways. She smelled sickly sweet and had no idea how to move her tongue. It didn't matter since it looked like Steve got the message loud and clear when they glanced at each other.

After school they had their basketball practice, and it was the perfect time for Billy to put Steve in his place. Billy wondered what it would be like to take Steve right then and there.

Pushing his chest down as he got between those drenched thighs and slipping off those skimpy shorts. He imagined Steve hard and willing as he mouth his underwear, hearing those moans slip out from his plush lips. Instead of doing that, Billy left to get ready for a nice shower with his favorite pretty boy.

Billy was really hoping for some sex in the shower action, but the look on Steve's face when Tommy told him about Nancy made him feel resentful. She made the choice to run off, but Steve still looked sorrowful as Tommy snickered out of the showers.

Billy doesn't really know Nancy, but from what he heard Steve was better off without her. She had something great and for no apparent reason broke up with Steve. Steve who now, for some reason, wouldn't meet with Billy's eyes. Usually, that was a sign he was still strung out over Nancy which pissed Billy off.

"Am I right?" He finished what he would like call a little pep talk, now he really wanted Steve to help him relieve some tension. It was

just them now, and he knew that no one else was going to come in.

He allowed Steve to rinse off the shampoo before he wrapped his arm around him, pulling Steve closer for a kiss. At first Steve was shocked, but after the initial surprise melted away as Billy deepened the kiss.

Now this is what Billy liked, Steve knew what he was doing and that always made Billy eager for more. The instant skin on skin contact really heightened the experience as Billy rubbed his erection on Steve's thigh. The sounds that sneaked out of Steve echoed in the showers and Billy wondered if he would get an encore from last night's performance.

However, he felt a firm push from Steve and instantly scowled as he took a step away from him. "Listen, we should stop. We gotta stop doing this, it's not right." Steve still couldn't keep direct eye contact, he would glance anywhere away from Billy.

"Huh, King Steve now wants us to stop. Perfect, just perfect. And here I was thinking you were getting carried away, wanting to make this something more. What, did you want me to hold your hand while we fuck? Or pretend you're special to me? This ain't no fairy-tale romance princess, this is just bullshit." Billy spat out, before watching Steve crumble.

That word again, this single word that kept coming back to haunt Steve. He doesn't know why, but out of all the things that Billy said the word bullshit really made him want to cry.

He kept it cool when Billy abandoned him in the morning and when Billy was sucking face with Sara Smith. Even though he felt like crying, he didn't because how would that help anything?

Still, he couldn't stop the fiery tears from sliding out of his eyes. It felt hard to breath especially with all the steam that filled the showers. He hated crying in front of others, he could still hear his father shouting at him to stop crying.

The tears made his vision blurry, but the look on Billy's face when he could finally see him made Steve cry even harder. The look reminded him how weak he was, always crying and never doing anything to stop it. Steve covered his face with the palm of his hands, as if it could heal his broken heart.

Billy was at a lost for words, the tears that adorn Steve's face made him panic. He sort of remembered what a crying Steve looked like, but to see it sober really messed with him.

He wanted to embrace Steve, but Steve flinched when he tried to move closer to him. Not knowing what else to do, Billy grabbed his towel and ran away.

Even though Steve was out of sight, he could hear his choked gasps and whimpers as he tried to get dressed. He honestly had no idea what to say in order to stop this terrible feeling in his gut, he ended up leaving the locker room.

Steve cried and cried until he couldn't cry no more, feeling frustrated to say the least as he stopped the shower head. He wiped his face before carrying on like it never happened.

That's what he was best at, pretending that he wasn't drained or scared or even lonely. Still, this emptiness left him wondering what he was going to do next.

Instead of going straight home to his empty house, he walked around town. Popping into stores as if he could shop away his worries. Instead of wasting time he chose to get groceries for next week, which he usually did on Sundays.

What was once an activity he enjoyed now reminded him how isolated he was. Mothers were pushing carts with their children grinning, and fathers who were buying chocolates to make up for a forgotten anniversary. They had people waiting for them, Steve never knew what that felt like.

His parents are always out of town, and even when they were there they would ignore him. His mother loves him, but she showed it by buying him things. As if brand name clothing could fill the gap his parents left in his life. He just needed time to think, and that is when he noticed the roses in the store.

There was a great florist who made beautiful bouquets that he always used whenever the occasion called for it. Maybe, just maybe he could beg Nancy to come back. Apologize to her and make things go back to how they used to be, before Billy.

The next morning, Saturday, Steve woke up and traveled to the flower shop. He pondered for a second if he should buy carnations, known in the flower language to say sorry. However, he knew that the more expensive roses would also get his point across.

He tried to go over what he would say to Nancy on the drive over, but got distracted by the radio. Even though he wasn't really at fault for their breakup, he just wanted to be in a relationship again.

Before he could even get to the house, Dustin showed up in front of him and became the perfect distraction from his miserable life. As Dustin hopped into his car, Steve hoped that whatever he needed help with would stop him from thinking about Billy. What's the worst that could happen?

4. Smother your misery.

Summary for the Chapter:

We go more into Billy's side of the story and learn a little more about his past while the story progresses.

Also thank you for reading this, I accidentally updated my other story and not this one like I originally planned. Hopefully you enjoy it!

Billy didn't need Steve, and instead of wallowing in self-pity he went to a party nearby. Catherine or Katie or someone was having it and Billy assumed he could party away his feelings.

The loud music drowned out the thoughts in his head, while the alcohol helped him forget the image of Steve crying. Still, no matter how hard he tried he just couldn't forget Steve.

After a while it became too much for Billy, he couldn't stand these assholes any longer. Tommy, the parasite, kept talking shit about Steve and even thought he wanted to smack him across his face Billy knew it wouldn't solve any of his problems.

The girls kept flirting with him, batting their fake eyelashes as if they could coax him. Billy started to remember about how long and natural Steve's lashes looked like, but instead of continuing this train of thought Billy groaned to himself when he realized he was thinking about Steve again.

Then all of a sudden the loud and brass songs that played throughout

the house turned into one of those sappy love songs that he loathed. The couples in the party started to slow dance while Billy went for another beer. He somehow found himself listening to the lyrics and felt strongly with the message.

The song was about heartbreak and Billy could imagine Steve listening to it alone in his room. Steve who would be bawling in tears as he hugged a pillow closer to his chest. Tears that Billy caused because he was too afraid of being in a relationship with Steve.

In his buzzed state Billy knew he wanted to see Steve, so he brushed off anyone that stood in his way. Tommy tried to grab his shoulder, but Billy shoved him as he finally left the damn house.

He turned his car on and the song "Shot through the heart" by Bon Jovi started to howl from his speakers. God, it made him really want to apologize to Steve while also bringing back memories when he first heard it in California.

The first time he listened to the song was when Michael showed him his favorite Bon Jovi album he got as they drove around. Michael Gomez was great, he had tan skin and wavy dark brown hair that Billy loved to get his fingers tangled in. Billy met him over the summer and fell hard for him, especially how much they had in common.

They both liked to smoke and drink like a fish, but also they enjoyed kissing boys. Michael was his first boyfriend, and they raised Hell together too.

They threw parties, graffiti private property, and even kissed in public. Now the thing was that Neil was never at home or anywhere close when Billy did these types of things. Except when he got married to Susan, that was when things turned sour.

Before Susan Billy never had to worry about anyone at the house when his father was working overtime. He could bring Michael over and they would have some fun with each other. Usually a blowjob or making out, never sex because Billy was afraid that his father would somehow find out.

Billy feared the day he would go all the way with Michael and for some reason that was the day his dad came home early or found a condom in the trash. He never voiced his fears with Michael, and just told him he didn't want to go that far yet.

Michael was understanding to say the least, then when Max and Susan started to live with them he pretended they were only friends. Of course when the door was closed and Susan was definitely gone was when they would have a little fun with each other. He thought Max would have friends or something, but one day she caught them together.

Before he could stop her, she went running to the bathroom with the phone, and called her mother about it. He would rather not think about what happened next when Neil came home. Or how he bashed Michael's face in before beating the shit out of him.

The neighbors called the police and Neil threatened Billy to tell them they got into a fight to cover his abuse. Billy had to lie while his boyfriend sat next to him, shocked to say the least that he would put the blame all on him.

The police down in California had no problem in accusing Michael, he grew up in a poor Hispanic area and well the cops were racist. They let Billy off with a warning and didn't question his story at all. He could still remember Michael's screaming at him as the police arrested him, he never heard from Michael again.

The next day Neil told the family they were going to have a fresh start in Hawkins, Indiana. He had a job offer there and thought it would be the perfect place to get rid of the gay and sexually open minded type of people that lived in California. Neil just didn't think there would be any pretty boys like Steve living in the hick town.

The moment Billy laid eyes on Steve Harrington was the moment he decided he could actually have some fun in Hawkins. He didn't know that Steve would be this sweet guy who wasn't stuck up or a pompous ass like when he first heard about him. He actually liked Steve more than Michael, more than anyone he has met before.

Sure, him and Michael had great fun with each other. However, Michael wasn't the best at keeping it in his pants and neither was Billy. They slept with a bunch of girls and at the time Billy didn't care what Michael thought of him.

With Steve it was a totally different story, he cuddled him and hugged him. He honestly felt jealousy whenever he saw him looking at or thinking about his previous girlfriend. Something he never felt with Michael or anyone before he met Steve. He cared what Steve thought and hated himself for making him cry. He knew what guilt was, but for once in his life he felt his heart breaking over this one gentle person.

He had to see Steve, he just had to. He felt his body tingle all over as the gigantic house was within view. He didn't know what he would say to Steve, but he will cross that bridge when he gets to it.

The house is shadowed in darkness, the front porch lights were off. That didn't stop Billy from slamming his fist against the door, aggressively knocking in order for Steve to hear him on the second floor.

"Steve! I know you are in there, come out!" He slurred as he continued to bang against the door. In the back of his head he knew Steve isn't there and that he shouldn't be doing this. However, he is too drunk to care what that side of him has to say for now.

"Please, Steve!" He can't help but let the tears slide down his face. He rested his forehead against the cool door, he can't stop himself from crying. Eventually he no longer felt sadness, and instead rage fueled him as he kicked the front door.

He doesn't stop kicking until the door ultimately broke wide open. Billy, still drunk, barged into the house and payed no attention to the property damaged he recently caused. He walked around the house, mainly looking at the family pictures that are hanged on the walls.

At first he is irritated at how happy Steve looked at his fifth birthday party, smiling at the camera as his mother hugged him close. Then slowly Billy started to noticed how that vibrant smile shifted to a more artificial one.

The picture seemed forced and timed as if they took one day of the

year to fake all of these moments for the world. Even the recent family photo with his mother and father appeared like an imitation of how a family should look like.

Billy reached out his fingers to brush against the glass that was protecting the photo, staring deep into Steve's eyes in the photo. No matter how hard Steve tried to pretend he was happy, his eyes always gave it away.

He somehow tore himself away from the photos and decided to check out Steve's room. He never really got the chance to look around, and see a more personal side of Steve Harrington.

The first thing he did was lay across Steve's bed, remembering how good the sex was with him. The way Steve moved and acted while they were together made him shiver all over. The girls he fucked had nothing on him, and most likely no one else will ever beat him.

Then memories of waking next to him stared to cloud his mind, he imagined what it would feel like to wrap his arms around Steve instead of running away. He picture Steve steadily waking up, those eyelashes fluttering as he stared right back at Billy.

In this daydream he visualized Steve smiling at him, a genuine smile not the ones that filled his childhood. Then Billy would smile right back at him as they cuddled up next to each other, enjoying the warmth as he allowed Steve to come closer.

Billy rolled onto his stomach and laid there for a couple of seconds before getting up, he wanted to look around more. He started with

Steve's closet and scoffed at the absurd amount of polo shirts that filled the space.

He soon noticed a few boxes that sat in the corner of the closet, without any hesitation he opened the boxes up. Inside the first box laid pictures, notes, and a handful of dried rose petals.

Billy examined the pictures that were of either Nancy, Steve, or Steve and Nancy. Some of the Polaroids had dates or baby pink lipstick kisses smothered on the back, while others were ripped in half. The notes were little conversations that Steve and Nancy would write back and forth to each other. It churned his stomach how much Steve was in love with Nancy, and possibly still is.

He put the trinkets of affection away, except for one photo that he swiped out of the box. It was a photo of Steve smiling at the camera, which made Billy knew that Nancy took the picture.

Looking at the smile on his face made Billy smile right back at the him, as if he looked happy to see Billy for once. He especially loved how his eyes focused on him, the crinkles in the corners proving he was actually happy when this photo was taken. Billy slipped it into his jacket as he closed the closet door.

By this time Billy started to sober up and knew he had to leave the house before Steve returned. He gave one final glance at the house before speeding away in his car.

The next day Billy woke up with a mild headache, he groaned to himself as he slipped out of bed. It was Sunday which meant that Neil

and Susan would spend the day buying clothing for the more important members of the family. Sometimes Susan would buy Billy a tacky and hideous sweater, she wanted him to change into a more preppy style.

Luckily, Neil didn't care if Billy wore it or not, just as long as he said thanks to her after she gifted it to him. He listened to the voicemail on the family's answering machine as he made himself some breakfast, eggs and toast.

"Hey Billy! I am like so excited for our date tonight, don't forget to pick me up at the library. By the way I told my parents I was sleeping over Sadie's! They believe anything I tell them, idiots. Well, I gotta go so bye!" A piercing voice told him, he needed painkiller if he had to go through that tonight.

After eating he went to check the medicine cabinet, but nothing remotely close to painkillers were there. Billy huffed to himself as he got ready to pick some medicine up. As he slipped his hand in his pocket he found the photo he stole last night.

He pondered on ripping the photo and throwing it away, yet the look on Steve's face made him slip it back into his jacket. He wanted to keep it close to him, and maybe look at it later to really admire it sober.

He strolled into a nearby grocery store and walked down the aisles until he found what he needed. As he checked out he noticed Steve waltzed into the store with a little geek.

Billy tailed them after paying for the pills, making sure they wouldn't see him. He wondered what he should say or if he should say anything at all. Steve seemed alright, he wasn't gloomy, and he listened in on their conversation.

"Okay, so we should get raw meat. But how much?" Steve said to the dweeb. "Wait, why raw meat? I thought we should get him baloney or maybe some three musketeer bars."

Steve stopped to look at the kid with a face full of confusion, "When I first founded Dart he liked to eat it, which is why I named him after D'Artagnan from the book." The kid explained while Steve scratched his head, "There's a book?"

Billy silently chuckled to himself, he read the book a bunch of times and couldn't believe that 'King Steve' never gave it the time of day. So far Billy knew that Steve was probably helping out this kid to get his dog back, but then Billy recalled that kid was one he almost drove over a few days ago.

The curly hair gave it away, forcing Billy to remain out of sight. He didn't want Steve to think he was a killer or something if the nerd spotted him.

"Yeah! It's great, you should really look into it." He mumbled as they looked along the meat section. "Yeah, yeah, but we have bigger issues to tackle. I thought raw meat would be better because you know the last thing he ate probably makes him crave it that way." Steve shrugged as he looked the steaks.

"That's true, Lucas better answer soon and help us. Hey, let's get some gloves cause we are going to be handling gasoline and all." The cap wearing kid huffed as they stocked up on meat. Billy wondered what the Hell they were up to, specifically since Sinclair was apart of this, but as he got closer he accidentally bumped into a pyramid of canned corn that came tumbling down.

It scared him how quickly Steve turned in his direction, and Billy dashed out of there as fast as he can. He jumped into his car and drove away, only then did he finally caught his breath.

When he made it back home he stopped himself from thinking about Steve, or at least tried to. He ended up chugging a couple of beers and working out to keep his mind on track. Steve didn't want him and he didn't deserve Steve, he repeated in his head as he continued his reps.

He was so caught up about forcing himself to not think about Steve that he didn't really care about what Max was doing. She stayed in her room for the rest of the afternoon, not causing any trouble for him or so he thought.

When it became time to go on his date, he turned up his favorite song and got ready. Personally, he loved getting ready since it felt fun to lose himself in the music as he made himself extra alluring.

He hoped that this would ensure Steve Harrington would be absent from his mind for a while. Yet, he slipped and imagined what it would be like to get ready for a date with Steve, making him stare at his own reflection in the mirror for a couple of seconds.

He wasn't going on a date with Steve, no instead he was going to

bang a random chick while yearning for someone way out of his league. He wanted to try and make them work, but the fear of his father outweighed his hope for a new romance. He had a part to play, the rough and rugged bad boy that made all the girls swoon.

Not the rough and rugged bad boy who craved a rich preppy boy, no he had to remind himself that he wasn't a faggot. He attempted to wink at himself in the mirror as a way to get back into character. Tonight he was going to plow right into a random girl and afterwards not think about Steve. Except everything came crashing down, apparently Max sneaked out while he was working out.

After being reminded how powerless he actually was against his father, Billy headed out into the night. Date long forgotten as he desperately asked around for Max.

Knowing full well that Lucas Sinclair was getting close to Max, he recently found out where he lived. He charmed his way in order to obtain more information on where Max could be. He was told that the Wheeler residence was the hang out spot for the dweebs that Max called friends.

Remembering that Nancy ran off with that weird kid, Billy didn't have to address the envy he felt. He ringed the doorbell over and over again knowing full well that it would annoy the mother to come rushing to the door

Feeling that a mother with a bunch of kids would look like a mess when answering the door at this hour should help Billy charm her. He took a step back, pretending as if he didn't cause a ruckus to appear charismatic. He played the whole "You look the her sister and not mother' type of compliment knowing that a woman her age

appreciated it dearly.

When she asked if he was looking for Nancy, Billy had to laugh a little and couldn't help himself but imply that he liked something totally different instead. The good thing about that was it seemed to appear as if he favored an older woman than girls his age. In the end he got what he wanted, and drove as fast as he can to drag Max back home.

He parked outside of this creepy looking house and for a second thought there was no way in Hell would Max hang out in such a eerie place. Then Steve showed up, and Billy honestly got excited for a moment.

He slipped off his jacket, shoving it into his car as Steve walked closer to the car. Billy worked on calming his heart and tried to explain to Steve what he was exactly doing there. Steve would definitely help him, right?

Steve would easily tell him that he saw her somewhere and they could hop into his car to find her. He would find Max and show Steve that he isn't the asshole he has been playing for the past few days now.

Except, Steve denied knowing anything about her. Now he could see Max peeking from the windows with her nerd friends, so Billy called Steve out on it. Secretly, he hoped that Steve would cave and maybe ask for his help. He remembered they were looking for Dart the dog, and everything would be alright.

Still, Steve didn't confess and it started to bother him. What if he got close to him in order to persuade Max to come into this creepy den? She is a young girl and she doesn't really know anyone in town which really troubled him. The boy he liked was actually after his step-sister made him furious to say the least.

Then Steve showed the cockiness he expected when he first heard about 'King Steve', funny how all it took was his sister to bring out this side of him. He pointed out how he knew Steve was lying, and it was no more Mr. Nice guy. He had to get home before his father killed him.

The anger took over and he needed someone to take it out on, therefore he threatened Lucas. Completely losing himself in his rage, he didn't care what he was doing. Before he knew it, he was bashing in Steve's face with his fists.

It made him remember Neil doing the same thing to Michael, how he howled in pain and Billy had no way to help it. If only he was straight, if only he his father didn't beat him, if only he was good enough then none of this would ever happen.

A sharp slightly deep pain in his neck stopped him, sort of confused he stared at Max leaving Steve bleeding on the floor. Instantly he fell down onto the floor, drugs coursing through his veins.

Max threatened him, and he had no choice but to agree with her demands. The last thing on his mind was how dead he was going to be when his father found out.

Eventually, he woke up hours later, alone and confused. No one was in the house and his keys were gone, he tried to focus on getting up and after a while he could walk properly. He noticed the weird papers that covered all over the house, but he focused on getting painkillers. He raided the house until he found what he was looking, then turned his attention to the fridge since he needed a cold drink to soothe his dry throat.

He yanked open the door and this slimy creature slammed onto the floor. Billy was not expecting that and he nearly dropped his pills onto the floor. It had to be a prank, right?

Max probably convinced the nerds and Steve to trick him with this fake monster. Trying to get a rise out of him or see him scared shitless. God, he needed those pill so he drank from the tap in order to swiftly down his pills. Not knowing what to do now, he shoved the slippery thing back from where he found it.

He took a seat and waited for anyone to come back. He was dead either way, but if he returned home with Max then maybe he would there would be a body for the funeral.

Max and the gang came back, and without another word he took his keys back. Steve's face was swelling and he wouldn't met his eyes, that was when he realized he blew it with Steve.

He took Max home, the ride back home was silent which made him agonize over what he had done. Replaying how vulnerable and helpless Steve was as he pounded his fist into his face. It reminded him of Michael, and he wondered if he was going to turn out exactly like his father.

Susan hugged Max when they walked into the home while Neil gripped Billy by his collar and shoved him against the wall. He was too tired to talk back, but for some reason or another Max spoke up for him.

"I was walking home from hanging out with my friends, and a couple of guys were harassing me so Billy fought them." She explained as Neil finally lets go of him.

"Why didn't he pick you up then? Why were you walking home?" He spoke calm, but there was a sense of danger in his tone. Max gulped, "I didn't tell him I was out because I thought it wouldn't take long. It's my fault not his." She added. Maybe it was the way Susan looked at him or how late it was, but either way Billy was released with a warning only. Most likely the fact that he was already bruised and bleeding helped his father to let it go.

That night Billy stared at his ceiling, rubbing his face with his bleeding knuckles as he started to process his actions. Steve almost died, he almost killed him and there was no way they could ever be together.

He wanted to cry aloud, but he knew how thin the walls were sometimes. So instead he smothered his cries of misery into his pillow, he really did wanted to be with Steve. Eventually he tired himself out and fell into the darkness, not knowing what to do now.

5. Revelations for the gang.

Summary for the Chapter:

It's time to start wrapping this all up, and I promised a happy ending.

Next chapter will be the final chapter that will for sure be fluff and smut. Hopefully you enjoy this and sorry it took so long to post.

The next couple of weeks were filled to the brim with agony for Billy, but he knew he deserved it. He ruined everything in his life, and Harrington was the perfect example of how terrible he truly is.

Whenever he caught sight of Steve's bruised and wrecked face throughout the weeks it made he feel worthless. He caused that and even if he said sorry, that doesn't mean it will make everything instantly alright. Especially when Wheeler glared at him from across the halls, and how Steve doesn't acknowledge him at all.

Eventually his face healed and he looked prettier than ever which really bothered Billy. Billy would make out with girls of course, but whenever they wanted to go all the way Billy wasn't feeling it. Steve was the best he has ever had, and it felt pointless to try and have sex with someone else.

Steve kept to himself and there are times where Billy is unconsciously trying to locate him. He would be eating lunch with Tommy and Carol, but find himself glancing around the room to find Steve. And if he luckily made eye contact with him, Steve would quickly turn away and pretend it never happened.

During practice if Billy tried to get close enough to obtain the ball from Steve then he would swiftly pass it onto another team member and not challenge Billy at all. Each time Steve escaped from him Tommy, the piece of shit he is, would point it out to Billy.

"Wow, he is running away like he always does!" He commented after their practice was over and most of them were heading to the showers. Steve left before showering, separating himself from Billy as much as he can.

"Shut it, freckled fucker. I am not in the mood for any of your crap." Billy huffed out before Tommy could say anything else about Steve. He had to pick up Max and drop her off to meet up with the nerds, he had no time for Tommy's rants at all.

"What? I am just saying he-" Tommy started before Billy interrupted him, " Jesus! Was he your boyfriend or something? You drone on and on about him like he broke up with you for a prettier girl."

Tommy actually stopped talking, and scowled at Billy making him realize that he finally hit a nerve.

"You're just pissed that he chose Wheeler over you, huh? Never pegged you for a fag, Tommy." Billy snickered as he walked away to go take his shower. However, Tommy wasn't the type to take it lying down.

"Hey! You're the fag here. I saw how you looked at Steve in the

showers, or how you finally fucking listen to me when it was about him! I bet you jerk off to him at night like the queer you are." Tommy yelled out, red in the face.

Billy laughed to himself before he turned around to face Tommy, frustration already putting him at his breaking point. "Carol told me how you called out his name once during sex," Billy grinned as he saw that smug face turned to fear.

"Yeah, she was drunk of course but she went into detail about it all. Like how you did her from behind and that afterwards you told her she was hearing things. Making her recall how wiling you were for a possible threesome with Harrington when you two were stoned out of your minds. Now, if you keep on running your mouth about me being a fag then you got another thing coming." Billy finished and with that, he left Tommy alone in the gym.

He has been driving Max around town whenever she asked, no matter how far away she wanted to go. He never questioned her about what happened that night or what was that thing he found in the fridge.

He assumed they were making a dorky movie or something, right? Hell, maybe he was hallucinating because of the drugs because he has seen some shit when he got high before.

Either way the winter break was coming up, filling Billy with more dread than usual. Christmas was his least favorite holiday, it only reminded him the absence of his mother. She loved the holiday and would always make this homemade eggnog to enjoy on the special day.

However, those days of naive childhood was over and now made him wished he was dead. One afternoon his father ordered him to buy a gift for Susan and Max or else. Billy secretly bought Max a skateboard, and told himself that the only reason he did so was because of his father.

Alright, he was actually guilty about the way he behaved. He bought the skateboard the next day after he nearly beat Steve to death, as if it could improve their relationship.

Nowadays, he barely party and spend his weekends blasting his music as he cry to himself. God, he was pathetic and only did it when his father was definitely gone. Still, even though he is doing his best his father continued to punish him.

There are days when Billy replied to his father with too much attitude or maybe he forgot to do a chore because he had homework too much to do. Those days are the worse, and Billy has to accept each beating no matter how much it hurts.

It started to get worse and each week he had to cover up more and more to hide the bruises. At the dinner table Susan glanced at Billy when she thought he wouldn't noticed, as if she honestly cared about him. Tonight they were having dry meatloaf, and Billy made sure to thank Susan before eating.

"Could you pass the salt, Billy?" Susan asked and Billy did just that. "Whoa." Max gasped as Billy handed over the table salt, he looked at where she was staring. There was a purple bruise on his right tricep that he accidentally displayed in front of Max.

"Basketball practice." Billy explained as he went back to poking his meal, he glanced at his father who scowled at him. Billy knew that tonight he will have another bruise to add to the collection.

Steve during this time wasn't doing any better, he didn't get a lot of sleep and when he did it was filled with nightmares. He would wake up because his heart was beating so loud and rapidly that it jolted him awake.

He felt exhausted to say the least, and no matter how hard he tried he couldn't get a good night's sleep at all.

He had a variety of nightmares like when demodogs were chasing the kids down and picking them off one by one until Steve was completely alone. Or when Dustin face is melted off in the tunnels in this weird clay animation sort of way. Hell, he even had a nightmare where Billy is making out with a girl a few yards away, and Steve is begging for help as a pack of demodogs are eating him alive.

He can't go back to sleep and so he stared at the wall until it is finally time for him to get up. He pondered if Billy hated him, for lying and getting too clingy. He could understand why Billy pound his face in that night, if he had a sibling he too would beat the shit out of anyone trying to hurt them.

Steve comprehended that Billy wasn't boyfriend material and he probably would laugh in his face if he tried to talk to him about what they had. A part of Steve really wished Billy was there with him, and sometimes to calm himself down he imagined Billy wanting to be with Steve.

Billy who would openly flirt with him, and kiss him on the lips whenever he came over to visit Steve. This Billy would whisper his love for him as they cuddle after passionate sex and would be there for him in the morning. He would hold his hand during their many at home movie dates, maybe even let him rest his head on his shoulder.

Hell, he even imagined them telling stories about their past to each other. Or hanging out in public like friends, laughing with each other like most teenagers their age.

However, Billy would never do any of this and after a while it pained Steve to think about him. The real Billy would leave in the morning and shove him in the hallways when he got too close to him. He would probably call Steve a queer for trying to be friends with him or something.

Steve promised himself to stop crying over Billy, yet that didn't stop the pain he felt whenever reality smacked him in the face. Whatever they had was over and both of them had to move on. Soon winter break will leave him more alone than ever to think about what went wrong with them.

Now Max has been noticing something off with Billy lately, at first she assumed it was him heeding her word yet that can't be it. He would play his music for hours every night like he was getting ready for a date, but instead he would not come out at all.

One night while Max was finishing up some English homework there was a pause in the song that allowed her to hear muffled sobbing. Confused, she wait until the next awkward pause in order to press her ear against the wall. And without a doubt she could hear faint sound of someone trying to breath before the crying continued.

Taking a step back, Max thought about forgetting the whole situation yet she just couldn't. She wanted to know why he was crying, and hopefully stop him from blasting his music at three in the morning.

The next day she pretended she was sick with a cold, making sure to move the thermometer back and forth in order to achieve a high enough temperature. Her mother petted her hair and told her she will be back by lunch to give her some soup. Billy rolled his eyes at her and left for school without a word.

The moment everyone was gone Max slipped out of her bed, still in her pajamas, and into Billy's room. Normally she wouldn't give two shits about Billy, but this is the first time he seemed despondent.

The room smelled strongly of his cologne, and Max had to breath through her shirt in order to stand it. She glanced at the posters of women and hard rock bands on his wall before starting with his closet first.

Max instantly noticed a skateboard crammed in the corner, barely covered with a pile of shirts. She pulled it out to get a closer look and noticed a small piece of paper taped onto the bottom of the board.

"Merry Christmas or whatever." It simply read and Max sighed as she put it right back into place. She checked the bookshelf and noted all the fantasy theme novels. It is sort of surprising how many books he own and some titles are what her geeky friends gushed about.

In his drawers aren't interesting enough to really care, and so she turned her attention to under his bed. Max herself kept anything important, like her diary, under her bed.

There are a couple of shoe boxes, more books and magazines. Then she opened one that has a magazine cover with a provocative dressed pin up girl. Without thinking she threw the box far away from her, and inside underneath the magazine is a bunch of crumbled up paper.

Max quickly run up to collect the contents to put it away, but then she started to skim the words on it. Some are honest to God love poems about someone with dewy brown eyes and succulent lips. At first she is appalled that Billy would write such sappy poems, but then noticed the leather bound book that was still in the box.

There are many ideas running through Max's head when he picked up the book, and hoped for some answers. The book is actually a journal from 1976 to present day, Max gets comfortable as she started with page one.

The rest of the afternoon Max is informed about Billy's life and couldn't help but cry when Neil started to beat Billy. Most of the early entries are depressing especially when she noticed the paper is warped as if someone cried while writing.

Michael is in there too and Max wondered to herself what would happen if she didn't snitch. Now that she is in Hawkins, she couldn't see herself anywhere else other than here. She for once made some interesting friends, and in a weird twist of fate learned more about her step-brother.

Some pages are more recent and those are filled to the brim with Steve Harrington. That's when the love poems clicked into place and Max knew Billy had a thing for Steve.

Then the entries expressed how afraid Billy is once they agreed to fool around, guilt over Michael didn't help him at all. The last page is a complete mess with harsh strokes of the pen and sloppy writing about how much he ruined everything. That even if he tried, there isn't anything he could do to make Steve Harrington fall in love with him.

After wiping her eyes Max put everything back into the box and made sure nothing was out of place. Billy was for sure feeling the pain of heart break and would be pissed to find out Max was snooping around in his room.

Laying on her bed, Max sighed as she forgave Billy, finally understanding his troubled background. She recalled how Dustin complained about Steve being more moody than usual, and questioned if he could forgive Billy too.

Still, Neil was a major issue for Billy to finally be with Steve and she would need the help of her friends to overcome. Shouldn't be too hard, right? They fought monsters before and Neil was just another monster.

Plus she knew that eventually Neil would snap and possibly hurt her mother. She groaned to herself as she started to create a plan, she was going to need everyone's help.

It took less than a day to convince the gang to help her, they were hesitant at first until she spilled the beans on the abuse. Dustin went from, "Why should we help the son of a bitch?" to "I'll kill that piece of shit father!"

Lucas sighed, "We should talk to Hopper about it, he should know what to do." Max felt glad he was willing to help, even after the things Billy did.

Mike frowned, "We shouldn't tell El about this, it will bring too many bad memories for her." Will nodded, all those years being help prisoner to an abuser really would trigger something in Eleven.

"Steve should get in on this too!" Dustin proclaimed with a grin, but Max stopped him instantly. "Whoa, that might not be the best idea."

"What do you mean? Steve should know about Billy too since he got his face beaten in for an actual good reason. I actually don't blame him for thinking we were doing something weird." Lucas scratched his head, not knowing if he forgave Billy completely.

"What? Sure he is getting abused, but he nearly killed him!" Dustin exclaimed, Max groaned. "Okay, that night when we came home Neil was getting rough with Billy in front of my mother and I. He looked like he wanted to kill him and me for a second when I told him it was my fault,"

"Also I read his diary or journal and it mentioned how angry he felt

at the world. No one deserves to be abused and we need to help him before Neil eventually kills him." Max added as everyone calmed down.

"Okay, but why shouldn't we tell Steve though?" Will spoke up and for a second Max wondered if she should lie to them. However, El's saying of "Friends don't lie." resurfaced and she gave a long sigh.

"Billy was sort of going out with Steve." She instantly received a loud "What?" from the entire group.

"No way in Hell Steve is dating that asshole! He can do so much better." Dustin yelled out before Max shouted at everyone to shut up.

"Look, he might be in love with Steve. I know that sounds weird, but he has so many poems and notes dedicated to Steve. Most of his recent journal entries are all about Steve, and I feel like Steve wouldn't be able to handle about the abuse. So could we just help Billy and get Neil the Hell away from him now?" Max explained, for once leaving the entire group speechless.

Lucas patted her shoulder, "Okay, then it is agreed that we help Billy. Let's talk to Hopper tonight to see if he has any ideas on how to stop all of this." Max smiled at him, and prayed to God that all of this will turn out alright in the end.

That night the gang explained their story to Hopper, talking as quietly as they can since El was in her room sleeping.

"Well, I can't actually do that much about it guys," Hopper sighed as the group screamed how unjust that was. Hopper instantly shushed them and continued.

"I am going to level with you guys, alright? This isn't enough evident to convict Neil for child abuse. If all we have to go by is this journal than the most he could get is a fine, but that won't protect Billy." Hopper needed a drink after hearing everything.

"Then what are we suppose to do? Let him die because we didn't have enough evident? I have seen his bruises, Neil is someday going to kill him!" Max spat out as she sniffled.

"I know this is unjust, but in court they will refute your claims and possibly blame it on a fight or something. Hell, this might make Billy talk about the fight with Steve and open up a new can of worms. I'm sorry, but there isn't anything I can do." Hopper knew it was wrong, but with El he needed to protect her from this type of thing.

"Fine." Max scowled as they left the cabin, they had to get ready for tomorrow night. They had the annual Snowball dance, and El was going to make her first appearance outside as Jane.

Secretly El was leaning against the door, listening in on there conversation. She knew tomorrow she would get help out this person she was hearing all about, promising that his papa won't hurt him no more.

That night Max pretended to be mad at Billy, or at least no like him in front of her mother. She didn't know if her mother knew about the

abuse, but for now it was best to act as if she didn't find out.

Her mother even commented on how Billy should drive her, and for some reason he listened to her. Max pondered if it was because he was afraid of what she might say to his father or if he actually wanted to drive her.

Either way they left together and had some time to actually talk, hopefully this wouldn't blow up in her face.

"Billy, I know. I know about everything Neil has done to you." She started, unsure if he will lash out or not. Instead he gripped the steering wheel and kept a straight face.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Billy began before Max cut in with, "I know about you and Steve also!"

Billy looked at her with wide eyes, trying to analyze if she was serious or not. "Billy, I know about Michael, the abuse, and how much Steve means to you. I am sorry that you had to go through this, but I promise that Neil will pay for what he has done." Max hoped she sounded sincere enough.

Billy gave a harsh laugh, "What you care about me now?" Stepping onto the gas, Billy was unsure what to do next.

"Billy, no one deserve to go through all of that." Max explained as she held on to the seat, she needed to find a way to calm him down.

"I thought you hated me? Aren't I your piece of shit stepbrother?"
Billy started to get angry, the only way she could of found out about everything was his journal.

"Billy! Stop, stop doing this to yourself! Pretending that you are a bad ass when in reality you are afraid. Newsflash, we are all afraid! We shouldn't go through life denying what we really want!" Max shouted, and Billy smirked, "And what do you think I want?"

"Steve, you want Steve. You want him because you wrote how kind and caring he is! He really is and he wouldn't want you to act like this. He would want to hear about how you really feel, and understand why you act like a jerk to him!" Max hated how much denial he had.

Billy took his foot off the gas and slowly allowed the car to go back to speed limit. He yanked at his hair, "Even if I were able to get Steve to forgive me that doesn't mean Neil will stop. You don't understand Max, he will never stop." Billy turned stone faced and Max sat back to enjoy the silence.

Steve on the other hand was driving Dustin to the dance, and then all of a sudden Dustin dropped the ball.

"Steve, I know about you and Billy because Max read his diary and told me. Also he is getting the shit kicked out of him by his father and is most definitely in love with you. Again, Max told me but we are doing our best to stop his dad." Dustin babbled out.

"Wait, what?" Steve yelled as Dustin added, "Wow, that took a load off my chest."

"No, wait seriously back up and tell me everything." Steve couldn't believe his ears as he lowered the radio.

"Okay, so Max told us she has heard Billy crying to himself with heavy metal blocking it out. She went to investigate and found his diary and poems filled about the abuse, his love for you, and how much he hates himself. We tried to get Hopper to help us arrest his dad, but without enough evidence there is no chance he will get any jail time." Dustin quickly explained.

"Um, what do you mean he loves me and is getting abused?" Steve frowned as Dustin rolled his eyes.

"Billy. is. in. love. with. you! Turns out he wrote a bunch of poems about you and is scared of his father finding out. He is horrible at feelings apparently, and Max told me not to tell you because you two were in a relationship." Dustin slowly explained as Steve nodded.

"Okay, that's news to me for sure. Now what?" Steve pondered aloud. "I don't know become boyfriends or something? We are definitely going to make his father goes away for a long time then you two can be happy together." Dustin shrugged as Steve sighed.

"Alright, I guess I'll talk to Billy about it." Steve felt awkward that this fourteen year old knew about him and Billy.

"Cool, just don't let him find out you got the information for me or Max. I don't want Max to get angry at me." Dustin said and Steve couldn't help, but laugh at how worried he sounded.

"Sure, man I'll keep my mouth shut about where I got the information." Steve drove up into the parking lot, making sure to give Dustin a pep talk before going in.

Eventually the blue Camaro roared into the parking lot and Steve tried to give himself a little pep talk as Max ran into the auditorium.

It doesn't take long before it's just him and Billy waiting in the parking lot.

Steve somehow found the courage to get out of his car and tap onto the car's window. Billy turned off his car before stepping out to face Steve, taking in his face that is pretty much healed.

"So, how are you?" Steve scratched his face and felt out of place to say the least. Billy huffed, "Alright, and you?"

Steve opened his mouth to say something, but shuts it to think for a couple of seconds. "I heard that you might actually like me, is that true?" He felt his cheeks heat up and hoped he wasn't getting his hopes up for nothing.

"What? Who told you that? I am not gay," Billy started to get defensive before Steve talked over him with, "Yeah, yeah, yeah I know. But honestly, do you like me?"

Billy shut his mouth and look into his eyes, those eyes that Billy could never say no to. "Fuck, yeah I like you Harrington." He groaned as he pulled out a cigarette to smoke.

"You know you don't have to call me Harrington anymore, I mean you have been inside of me so yeah." Steve joked and watched Billy snicker at the comment.

"Listen, man I like you and I know I can be a bit clingy or whatever. However, I kinda want us to be more than one night stands or fuck buddies. I need us to be honest with each other and be something worth being. So, um do you want to go out?" Steve bite his lip and tried to calm himself down.

"Since you probably already know what I am going through, I don't think we can be what you want to be. We can't be like other couples who hold hands in public or go on dates. You deserve someone better than me, Steve, you really do." Billy sighed out.

"Billy, I don't want anyone else. I am fine with not going out on public dates or proclaiming our love for each other in the hallways. It's alright if we never get to do that sort of thing because we still have each other. We can have dates in the comfort of my house, we can watch movies and get pizza. As long as you are wiling to work this out, then I am fine with being together in secret. That's better than not being together at all."Steve explained as Billy tried to analyze what it all meant.

"But if my father finds out then we are both dead, I don't want you getting hurt because of me." Billy explained before Steve shrugged, "I

can take care of myself, and if not then you know I have a gang of twerps on my side if I ever need help. Hell, you have seen what Max could do," Steve reached out for Billy's hand.

"If fighting your father is what I need to do in order to be with you then I'll do it. Billy, you are worth everything to me." Steve added, and Billy gripped his hand.

"God, Steve you sound like a girl." Billy joked as they got closer to each other. "Well, apparently I am a princess so I guess that makes you my prince." Steve smiled before they finally kissed each other.

The kiss wasn't like the ones from before, it wasn't filled with lust or aggression at all. Instead it was gentle, and soft as he possessively wrapped his arm around Steve's waist. As if he was afraid of somehow wrecking the dream they both had, when they finally let go to breath Steve cupped Billy's left cheek.

"Don't worry, because now we have each other." Steve stated before they went back to kissing. Billy could feel his eyes tear up, for once he felt happy to be with someone and hope that this magic moment would never end.

El smiled to herself as she opened her eyes, she has slowly trained herself to block out everything else and find what he was looking for without using blindfolds or earplugs. Now she had a mission to help Steve and Billy before Hopper could realize she has done anything.

"Where are you going?" Mike asked as she stood up from the benches. "I have to go to the restroom, I'll be back." She told him and Mike

nodded as she slipped out of the auditorium.

She sneaked out the school, making sure not to get caught by any chaperones and it wasn't long before she was walking alone on the main road. She took a second to close her eyes and locate this "Neil" or whoever was harming Steve's boyfriend.

She could see him now, driving home with a drink in one hand and the wheel in the other. Soon enough his headlights snapped her out of concentration and with no hesitation she flipped his car, making sure he crashed against the many trees that filled Hawkins.

Knowing he was still alive, she hiked to his car and there he was. Before he could even ask her for help she snapped his neck, and like that Neil was dead for good. Wiping her nose, she made it back to the dance in record time.

"Hey, are you feeling alright? You were gone for a while." Mike asked the moment she walked back into the gym. El smiled as she took his hand, "Everything is alright now."

6. The End

Summary for the Chapter:

Well, this is the end of my story. Thank you for waiting patiently for these chapters, hopefully this ending is alright.

I really do love a happy ending, and I did my best in giving them one. This has been fun, and please comment about how you feel about this story. Either way I am glad anyone even read this.

A month later they had the funeral for Neil, and even though he didn't have to Billy still went. Steve remained by his side throughout the burial, and silently watched Billy to make sure he was alright.

There wasn't many people at the burial, Susan decided to have a private burial after everything Neil put them through. She knew he was a monster, and decided that his death was a sign of God to move forward. She allowed Billy to stay if he wanted to, but he had much bigger plans.

After Steve graduates they both plan to move to California and live together. Somehow Steve made it in and got accepted to a University there. Billy recalled the tears in his eyes as they sat down to read the acceptance letter. Plus in about a month Billy will be eighteen and finally be able to make his own decisions as an adult.

The funeral didn't take long, and before they knew it the whole ceremony was over. Max left with her mother, leaving Steve with Billy at the grave sight. Billy pulled out a cigarette as he said some final words to his father.

"Well, it's over. Finally, everything is over. I can't even believe it, and sometimes I am afraid that it is all a dream," Billy started and he glanced at Steve. Steve gave him a small smile and gestured him to keep going, and so Billy did just that.

"Turns out you were wrong about a lot of things, you know it makes me sort of sad things ended this way. I imagined that one day I would just leave, almost silently in the night," Billy took a long drag of his cigarette, trying to find the words.

Billy somewhat chuckled to himself before finishing with, "Hell, I thought it would also end in a fight of some kind. But, no in the end you died and everyone is moving on. So yeah, this is probably the last time I will visit your grave. Goodbye forever, and after all of this I think I am going to be alright."

Steve rested his hand on his shoulder as Billy flicked his cigarette onto the grass, Steve then moved his hand to caress Billy's cheekbone. "Come on, I have your favorites back home." Steve smiled as he wiped a single tear from his eye.

"Beer and sex?" Billy smirked as he tried to act like his usual self. Steve huffed, "Whatever you want." Billy couldn't argue with that and followed Steve into the car. Even though he drove like an old lady, Billy enjoyed the time they spent together and couldn't wait until they were in California.

Billy already knew his way around Steve's house and honestly it felt like home to him. He opened the fridge and pulled out a six-pack as Steve changed in his room. Billy popped a few buttons and relaxed on the couch with his beer, flipping through the channels before Steve came down.

"Enjoying yourself?" Steve asked as he blocked the view of the television. Steve wore a pair of his basketball shorts and a comfortable sweater which Billy loved to tear off of him.

"Has anyone ever told you that those shorts leave nothing to the imagination?" Billy asked as stood up from the couch, grabbing Steve by the waist and pulled him in closer.

"That's why I am wearing them, and you better take that suit off or else it is going to get dirtied." Steve murmured before he brushed his lips against Billy's.

Before Billy could seize the kiss, Steve moved to grab the remote and turned the television off. "But I am serious about taking the suit off, that thing is dry clean only." Steve explained as Billy rolled his eyes.

"Yes, princess." He replied as he slipped the jacket off and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Watching Steve take in his body, and loving the little gasp he made when his pants fell to the floor.

He was already turned on when Steve stood in front of him, and was fully hard by the time he took off his clothes. Steve didn't hesitate in touching his body, he was always amazed by how strong Billy was.

"God, it is annoying how hot you are." Steve commented making Billy laugh to himself. Billy cupped Steve's face with his hands and pull him into a kiss, feeling Steve smiling against his lips.

It didn't take long before they deepen the kiss, filled with passion and heat. Billy move his kisses down Steve's neck, taking the time to bite and suck the skin there. Steve moaned aloud, leaning his head on Billy's shoulder and allowing him room to mark more.

As Billy occupied himself with Steve's collarbone, Steve started to get impatient and ended up grinding against Billy's thigh.

"Fuck, let's move this to my room already." Steve bite his lips as Billy rubbed his erection through his shorts. Whenever they took their time with sex it just made Steve feel more needy than usual.

"Fuck, yeah." Billy replied as Steve lead the way, as they walked into the room Steve threw his sweater onto the floor. Billy gently kiss Steve before hooking his thumbs into the side of his shorts and pulled them down.

Expecting to feel his underwear, Billy stopped kissing to comment, "Commando? Funny, I thought I was the only one." Steve chuckled to himself, "Surprised? Well, I also fingered myself before coming downstairs."

"The princess is becoming quite the slut, huh?" Billy gripped Steve's ass and slipped his finger across his hole to find lube covering it. Normally, he loved to take his time and pull Steve apart then put him back together. However, it excited him how much Steve wanted him.

"I just want you inside me as soon as you can." He explained as Billy

marvel at how easy his fingers went in. It doesn't take him long before three fingers are roughly thrusting in and out of Steve.

"Fuck, just fuck me already! That is why I prepped already, Billy." Steve whined as he yanked Billy's hair. He gave Steve's butt a quick slap before pushing him onto the bed.

"Don't worry, I'll give you everything you need." Billy huskily whispered as he got between his favorite pair of legs. He would love to tease Steve by biting his thighs before taking him in his mouth, but Steve said it loud and clear that he needed Billy inside.

It felt like they both were holding their breaths as Billy slowly slide himself into Steve, finally letting out a sigh of relief when he is completely in. Billy kissed Steve as he gave him his first thrust, taking in all the moans and groans that came out.

He went for deep thrusts that slowly drove Steve insane, "Billy, more! Harder, damn it!" Steve yelled out as he wrapped his legs around his waist. Pushing his own hips to met with Billy's, and even then it continued to annoy him.

He needed Billy to go faster and harder, so when push came to shove Steve did just that. He shoved Billy off of him and before he could comment Steve forced him sit down on the bed.

Billy was feeling breathless as he watched Steve penetrate himself with his cock, giving Billy his loudest moan as he rode him.

"Fuck. I really fucking love you." Billy gasped out as Steve started to twist his hips as he went up and down. This was the first time anyone of them have even said it, Steve stopped moving and stared at Billy.

"You love me?" Steve asked as Billy for once in his life felt his face get warm. Steve smiled at him and pulled Billy into a kiss as he leaned down onto the bed.

Back on his back Steve hugged Billy as he roughly drove himself into Steve. "Love you too, fuck!" Steve muttered as he got closer and closer. Billy knowing he won't last much longer, focused on wrapping his hand around Steve's cock.

"Ah, yes!" Steve moaned as he came, clenching onto Billy as his cum filled him. Billy, still inside of Steve, positioned himself to spoon Steve. Breathing in the scent of his hair, and trying to catch his breath as he held onto him.

"I love you, I mean it." Billy whispered as Steve turned his head towards him. "Me too, I love you so much." Steve confessed as he kissed Billy. For once in his life Billy felt true love, and knew that no matter what he had Steve there for him.

"Thank you." Billy thought to himself as they fell asleep, "Thank you for loving me."

Author's Note:

That Halloween party scene really made me want to write what would happen if a crying Steve ran into a secretly lovesick Billy. I will try to update, but this oneshot just changed into a multiple chapter story all

of a sudden. Please comment down below any suggestions or if you want me to continue this.